

Sick, Sad Burbank

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Summary: A "Daria"/"Animaniacs" crossover. Daria and Jane interview Slappy Squirrel.

Sick, Sad Burbank

SICK, SAD BURBANK A Daria/Slappy Squirrel Fan Fiction Story By Peter W. Guerin

With apologies to Glenn Eichler, Susie Lewis Lynn, Steven Speilberg, Chuck Jones, Fritz Freling, Bob Clampett, Tex Avery, Robert McKimson, Jerry Siegel, Joe Schuster, Naoko Takeuchi, Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Mike Judge, Katsuhiko Nishijima and Yuji Moriyama.

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----- AUTHOR'S  
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Finally, as for continuity, this takes place after "One Man's Trash.  
. .".

----- Chapter 1:  
What's the Frequency, Kenneth?

----- It was Friday night at Lawndale. It was about 11:45 PM. Even at this late time, the Morgendorffer residence was hopping. Jake and Helen Morgendorffer were watching "The Tonight Show with Jay Leno"; Leno was roasting President Clinton's latest scandal that somehow involved questionable contributions to Earth First! Youngest daughter Quinn was getting ready for what she did every Saturday: Go to the Lawndale Mall with her friends in the Fashion Club. In the padded room that was claimed by eldest daughter Daria, she and her best friend Jane Lane were having their own version of a slumber party. Daria and Jane were clad in their usual sleepware: Daria in a blue T-shirt and yellow shorts, while Jane was wearing a red T-shirt with white shorts. They were watching "Livewire from Sea to Shining Sea with Leslie Willis". Ms. Willis called herself "The Queen of All Media" and "The Distaff Howard Stern". Willis was even enjoying a sideline as an actress; she was playing the villain Livewire in "Superman: The Series". On this night, however, she was ripping into her boyfriend, actor Darren Smith. Daria and Jane were watching and listening with serious intent to what Leslie--who was short, small-breasted, with black hair, blue eyes, and wearing a black tank top, black leather jacket, black leather miniskirt, ripped-up black pantyhose and black high heeled shoes-- had to say:

"Anyway, people (Leslie began), my no-good boyfriend Darren Smith STILL has not proposed to me. What's he waiting for, Armageddon? That is, is he waiting for "Armageddon" to get a better box office take? You know, if he's so chicken to propose to me, then he's got a very, very small one down there (as she pointed to her crotch)! Come to think of it (as she pointed up to her chest now), I'm not too well-developed up here, either!"

The crowd in attendance roared out in laughter.

"Let's hear it for us small-breasted women," Daria droned.

"A woman after our own stone-cold heart," added Jane.

"I wonder if I could be a DJ like her when I graduate?," Daria asked Jane.

"There's too many people like her, Rush Limbaugh, Howard Stern, Bob Schulz and Wally George out there as it is," Jane replied.

"Too true," agreed Daria.

There was a knock on the door. Helen entered.

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Morgendorffer," Jane said.

"Please, Jane," Helen said, "it's just 'Helen'."

"Whatever you say, Helen," Jane replied.

"Oh, is it that 'Livewire' show that's on right now?," Helen asked Daria.

"Yes, it is," Daria answered her.

"I remember when Leslie and I were classmates in college," Helen began. "She was our controversial morning DJ at the college's radio station. She was such a rabble rouser!"

Looking at the time on her watch, Helen then said, "Well, I better go to bed! You girls have a nice time with your slumber party!" Helen left, closing the door on her way out.

After that--since the subject always comes up during slumber parties--Daria and Jane turned their attention to the boys in their life.

"So," Jane began, "anything new with you and Trent?"

"Well," Daria began, "we haven't seen too much of each other since the Neo-Zero incident. I've been busy with school, among other matters. Not only that, buying that stolen guitar in Los Angeles put a bit of a scare in him, I think."

"Well," Jane started, "now that you mentioned that, he's been a bit wary of the law in recent days since we came back from LA. I think he just wants to keep his nose clean."

"Not that he's broken any laws," Daria said.

"Anyway," Jane said to change the subject, "I haven't slept with Jesse yet."

"Funny," Daria asked, "I thought you would have bedded him by now."

"Music occupies too much of his time," Jane confessed.

"Hey, Trent's time's been taken up with music also," Daria said, "and I've slept with him. Maybe you should be a bit more aggressive with Jesse than you already are."

Jane responded to that by throwing a pillow at Daria. "Get out of here!," she said.

-----  
----- The next morning, despite having stayed up until 1:30 AM, Daria and Jane woke up at 6:30 AM. They decided to have some fun at Quinn's expense this morning.

Daria was wearing a black T-shirt and blue jeans while Jane was wearing her usual red jacket, black shirt, black shorts, black pantyhose and black fireman's boots. Jane also had Jake's videocamera

with her. They tiptoed up to Quinn's room and entered. Surprisingly, she wasn't in there at the time.

"Maybe she's taking a shower," Daria said. "Let's hide out in her closet."

"Won't she catch us in there when she wants to get dressed?," Jane said.

"Nope," Daria said, "usually she's watching 'Sailor Moon' at this time."

Somehow, that seemed an ironic remark to Jane, knowing what had happened recently in Tokyo.

Daria and Jane entered the closet. Jane then began filming; she had left open a small crack in the folding doors for that purpose. A few minutes later, Quinn entered the room, turned on the TV and was watching "Sailor Moon". She was wearing her yellow nightshirt with a bunny rabbit on it. She was watching the episode "Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall"; that was the one where Darian asked the girls to help him in a stage presentation of "Snow White". She was watching the scene where the girls were arguing over who would have the role of Snow White; Lita was saying that she deserved the part because she has the most talent.

"Now!," Daria said as she and Jane stormed out of the closet. Quinn saw then and dropped her jaw in shock.

"DARIA! QUINN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY CLOSET?," screamed Quinn in anger.

"Smile! You're on 'Candid Camera'!," Daria said.

"Get the Hell out of my room, you two!," Quinn said.

"Did you know that in the original Japanese version of that episode," Daria began, "Makoto said that she deserved the role of Snow White because she's got the biggest breasts of the Sailor Senshi?"

"Get real, Daria!," Quinn retorted, "they'd never allow that on a kid's show!"

"And Stimpny can get away with farting like he does!," Jane wryly added.

"It's true," Daria said, "that's the way it went in Japan. Besides, Makoto herself told me that when I was over there."

While all that arguing was going on, Serena was doing her transformation sequence: "MOON PRISM POWER!"

"Did you also know," Daria continued, "that those 'nudie transformation sequences' in shows like 'Sailor Moon' originated by the transformation sequence controversial animator Go Nagai designed for his android superheroine Cutey Honey?"

"You are so sick, Daria!," Quinn whined.

"How would you like to be transformed into Sailor Moon right now?,"

Daria asked Quinn.

"How?," Quinn answered her.

Daria suddenly went up to her, said "MOON PRISM POWER!," and yanked off her nightshirt. Quinn was left standing in nothing but her panties. Quinn then shrieked in embarrassment and folded her arms around her breasts.

"I'm going to kill you, Daria!," Quinn said as she chased Daria out of her room, with Jane following behind with the videocamera.

"This is going to be the best footage I've taken yet!," Jane snickered to herself.

-----  
----- Later that afternoon, Daria and Quinn were watching "Sick, Sad World". It was about time for a station break, but not before the anchorperson, Samantha Toren, had an important announcement to make. Samantha had short, blonde hair, with blue eyes, with big breasts and was wearing a tweed jacket, collared shirt, tie and a black leather microminiskirt with nude pantyhose and beige high heels.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Samantha said, "'Sick, Sad World' is proud to announce that we're going to hold our first annual 'What's Your Sickest, Saddest Story?' Contest. Just send us a video no longer than five minutes in length depicting the sickest, saddest story you've ever seen, and if our panel of judges selects it as the winner, you can produce your very own segment for 'Sick, Sad World'! Just send us your video--VHS format only, please--to Sick, Sad World 'What's Your Sickest, Saddest Story?' Contest, PO Box 666, Los Angeles, CA 90125-0666. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 14, 1998. Preliminary judging will be held November 15 to November 24, with the three finalists qualifying for our final judging on November 25. Contest open to all US residents 16 and over. Employees of 'Sick, Sad World' are not eligible for this contest. Good luck!"

Daria turned to Jane and said, "Jane, we've got to enter that contest!"

"Yeah," Jane said, "it would be a thrill to produce a segment for our favorite show!"

"What would we use, though?," Daria mused aloud.

"What about the video expose we did on Quinn for English class, 'The Depths of Shallowness'?", Jane suggested.

"I like that," Daria said; "we could also restore the 'pores incident' and the footage we took this morning, as well as some other footage of Quinn we've been taking for several months now."

"Well, what are we waiting for?," Jane said; "let's dig up all those videotapes from your room and splice this up! We can call it 'The Depths of Shallowness: The Director's Cut'."

"Fine by me," Daria said. They went up to her room for some serious editing.

-----  
----- Daria and

Jane spent all that weekend splicing their video together. Now it was all set. After school was over, they went to the post office to mail it. They were surprised to see head cheerleader Brittany Taylor ahead of them on line; it looked like she was going to send a video to "Sick, Sad World" as well.

"You're actually entering the contest, Brittany?," Daria asked her.

Brittany turned around, and began to stare into space and twirl her hair around her finger.

"MMMM, well," Brittany began, "I was going to send this video of some icky slugs mating that I took recently. Seeing slugs doing it is so gross!"

"I wonder if that describes her sleeping with Kevin," Jane said snidely to Daria.

Brittany ignored that remark as she went to the counter. She decided to mail it Standard Mail with insurance.

"I hope I win this contest!," Brittany said after she took care of business. "If I do, I want to do my own segment where I get to interview Leonardo DiCaprio! He was so cute in 'Titanic'! Kevin and I went to see that film five times!"

"And I bet every time Kevin was ogling at Kate Winslet nude!," Daria snidely said to Jane.

"Well, got to go!," gushed Brittany, who then left the building.

"Let's not take any chances on this," Jane said. "Let's send this sucker Express Mail, Return Receipt Requested."

"Right," Daria said.

-----  
----- The next day, in Burbank, California, Slappy Squirrel was listening to her favorite morning radio program: "The Livewire Show with Leslie Willis" on 103.5 FM, KBRK ('The Brick'). Leslie was once again ranting and raving about her boyfriend:

"Darren STILL has not proposed to me yet! He is such a wimp! What is he afraid of: that I'll carry HIM over the threshold? Hey, Mr. Kleinputz, when are you gonna propose to me, Huh? Huh? We small-breasted women don't get too many good-looking guys like you out there!"

"Man, that Leslie Willis is such a hoot!," Slappy said.

Slappy's nephew, Skippy, came down stairs. He went to the kitchen table, where he set himself up with some cereal.

"Good morning there, Skippy!," Slappy said.

"Good morning, Aunt Slappy!," Skippy responded.

"Are you all ready for that big math test today?," Slappy asked.

"I'm not going to settle for anything less than a B+, Aunt Slappy," Skippy said.

"Well," Slappy said, "good luck; and if your teacher flunks you, give her the anvil treatment!"

"Right!," Skippy said as he finished his cereal, grabbed his bookbag and left for school with a "Good-bye, Aunt Slappy!"

Slappy waved as he left.

Skippy then added, "And don't forget to stay away from those TV tabloid news shows; they drove you crazy a while back!"

"I will, I will," droned Slappy.

About 30,000 feet up in the air, however, was a B-52 bomber, being piloted by Walter Wolf, Slappy's old nemesis. He was closing in on the tree that Slappy called home.

"HA HA HA HA HA!," Walter laughed to himself, "with this 'Grand Slam' bomb that I got at an RAF surplus sale, I'll blow Slappy Squirrel to bits!"

Slappy, however, noticed the plane on her radar.

"Oh, that Walter Wolf's up to no good again, I see!," she mused. Then she put on her old Civil Defense helmet, stepped outside, winched up a howitzer from the basement and targeted it on the bomber.

"Adios, Walter!," Slappy said as she fired the howitzer. Walter saw it coming, but couldn't dodge it in time. The shell blew the bomber to bits, sending Walter and the bomb plummeting to the Pacific Ocean below.

"Man, when is Walter ever going to learn?," Slappy said to herself as she went back inside. She then turned on the TV. It was tuned in on "Sick, Sad World". The announcer was just beginning to explain what was on that day's show:

"Today on 'Sick, Sad World': Are mutant cows running rampant in South Park, Colorado? One kid claims that they are (followed by a scene of a kid identified as "Kenny McCormick" speaking in a muffled voice to the reporter; however, a sixteen ton weight then falls on him, with Stan Marsh shouting "Oh, my God! They killed Kenny!," with Kyle Brodsky adding "You bastards!"). Also: It's part 2 of 'Beavis and Butt-Head's Criminal Career Exposed' as we talk to the boys' principal (followed by footage of Mr. McVickers--shaking uncontrollably and popping pills--saying "I knew those kids were trouble from the first day they set foot in this school!"). Finally: We catch voice actress Teryl Rothery recreating the famed scene from the first 'Project A-ko' film while drunk at a recent party (followed by footage from 'Project A-ko' where A-ko's alarm goes off, she says "AAAA! I'm late for school! First day! I'm late!" followed by her taking off her nightshirt, but it cuts away before she takes it all off to the "Sick Sad World" logo). All that and much more coming up on 'Sick, Sad World!'"

"This show is disgusting!," Slappy said in her sarcastic tone. "I just hope no one does a story about me for that show!"

Little did Slappy know what was going to happen soon. . .

----- The day of the final judging of the contest finally arrived. Daria, Jane, Quinn, Jake and Helen were all camped out in front of the TV.

"I hope we made the final cut," Daria said.

"I know deep in my heart that you did, Daria," Helen responded.

Samantha Toren then appeared on the TV. She began:

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, this is it! Today's the final judging for our 'What's Your Sickest, Saddest Story?' Contest. Before we begin, let's introduce our panel of judges. At the extreme left is the boxing referee who was present when Mike Tyson bit off Evander Holyfield's ears off during that controversial fight last year, Mills Lane, who also serves as referee for MTV's 'Celebrity Deathmatch' series and now has his own courtroom show 'Judge Mills'. Next to him is controversial morning news talk show host Don Imus from WFAN AM 660 in New York, who can also be seen on the MSNBC cable channel. Next is former 'People's Court' reporter Doug Llewellyn. Next is former 'USA Up All Night' Friday night host and stand-up comedian Rhonda Shear. Last is controversial female rock star Liz Phair, whose albums include 'Exile in Guyville,' 'Whip-Smart' and her latest release 'Whitechocolatespaceegg'."

Each of the judges greeted Samantha and the audience.

Samantha then continued:

"OK, let's get to our finalists. Our first finalist is a video called 'Dead Dog on the LIE' by Karen Britnell of Ronkonkoma, New York; it's a film about the bloated, rotting corpse of her pet French poodle Fifi alongside the infamous Long Island Expressway."

The video began rolling. It showed a dead dog with maggots swarming all over the corpse.

"EWWWWW!," shrieked Quinn.

"Well, it gets my seal of approval if it makes Quinn shriek," Daria said to Jane sarcastically.

As the video continued, Karen, who appeared to be in her late teens, was crying over the dead dog and saying "Why didn't that 18-wheeler run me over instead?" She was fat, with a dumpy face, long black hair, brown eyes, wearing a white T-shirt and blue jeans.

After the video, Samantha reappeared to introduce the next video:

"Our next video is from Brittany Taylor of Lawndale. It's called 'Slugs Doing It.'"

Brittany's video began with some slugs going across her front lawn.



Brittany provided the narration:

"So, like there's these slugs--EWW!--and like they were going across the grass, then I saw them mating. I saw the male slug insert his weenie into the female slug and it did it with her. It was SOOOOO gross!"

"Probably because it reminds her of when she sleeps with Kevin," Jane said to Daria.

"Like, how do you know that, Daria?," Quinn demanded.

"We've got videos to back it up," Daria replied.

That left everyone else speechless.

Finally, Samantha was ready to announce the third finalist:

"Last, we've got a video from Daria Morgendorffer and Jane Lane, also from Lawndale. It's called 'The Depths of Shallowness: The Director's Cut.'"

Quinn went "GAAAK!" when she heard that.

The video played, showing Quinn getting up; Quinn and the other members of the Fashion Club at yoga class; Quinn and the Fashion Club at their "Fashion Don'ts Costume Gala", with Quinn dressed as Daria; Quinn having her tantrum over her pores at the mall; the recent incident where Quinn was caught watching "Sailor Moon"; and another one of Quinn waking up late for school, taking off her nightshirt, running to her closet wearing nothing but her panties and grabbing a bra; every once in a while, the scene where she kept asking "By the way, which is my best side?" was shown. Quinn saw all this and was mortified.

"Daria, how dare you put all that extra footage in there!," she yelled at Daria.

"Well, I actually like it!," Jake said; "way to go, Daria!"

"Jake," Helen said to him, "will you shut up!"

"Yes, Dear," replied Jake meekly.

Samantha then re-appeared. She continued:

"Well, there you have it folks: our three finalists in our 'What's Your Sickest, Saddest Story?' Contest'. Our judges will now deliberate, and we'll have their decision in just a moment."

The show now broke into a commercial for Cheezy Poofs snacks; as the announcer droned on about how they're endorsed by Eric Cartman from "South Park", Quinn really lost it.

"Daria," she began, "I'm going to sue you for defamation of character!"

"You can't sue someone for telling the truth," Daria replied.

"Besides," Jane added, "you really are an airhead!"

"Now, now, everyone!," Helen began, "let's calm down and think this over. Quinn, Daria's right. You don't have a case against her because--well--let's face it, Quinn, you really are an airhead."

"Great!," Quinn huffed, "now even my own mother's against me!"

"Well," Jake said, "I'm not against you, Sweetheart!"

"Who asked you?," Quinn shrieked, and stormed upstairs, crying.

"Well, well, well," Jane said, "I think we hit all the right buttons to make Quinn look bad on national television."

"Score one for us," Daria said.

"Hell, the Upright Citizens Brigade couldn't have done a better job," snickered Jane.

"SHHH!," Daria said, "the show's coming back on."

Samantha now was back on, with the judges sitting behind her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Samantha said, "our judges have made a decision. Mills, what's the decision?"

Mills stood up and said, "We've decided that the grand prize winner is 'The Depths of Shallowness: The Director's Cut' by Daria Morgendorffer and Jane Lane."

Daria and Jane were stunned.

"Congratulations, girls!," Jake said.

"We're so proud of you two!," Helen added.

"Even though we made Quinn look like a big idiot?," Daria said.

"Well," Helen answered, "that's show biz!"

The phone began to ring. Daria answered it.

"Is this Daria Morgendorffer?," the voice on the other end asked.

Daria confirmed that it was her.

"I'm Daniel Cobblepott, executive producer of 'Sick, Sad World,'" the voice continued. "Congratulations on winning our contest! Could you make it here this Friday so we can get you and your friend set up to produce your own segment for us?"

"Sure will," Daria said.

"Good," Daniel answered in glee. "We'll arrange for you to get your tickets at the airport. See you then!"

Daria hung up the phone, turned to Jane and said, "I can't believe we won."

"Los Angeles, here we come!," Jane replied.

"This time, don't go skinny dipping in the hotel pool," Daria told Jane.

-----  
----- After the show, Daniel was conferring with Samantha. Daniel was short, fat, had balding brown hair with brown eyes and was wearing a navy blue business suit.

"Well, now that we've got our victims--AHM!--winners chosen, what story shall we assign them?," Daniel asked Samantha.

"Well," Samantha said, "there's that story about the radioactive dump at the San Andreas Fault."

"Too much liability risk there!," Daniel said.

"How about the story on the one hundred year old cannibal?," Samantha suggested.

"Once again, a liability risk," Daniel said.

"I know," Samantha finally said, "how about doing an expose on Slappy Squirrel?"

"Excellent!," Daniel said, "from what I heard, she couldn't hurt a fly!" He then snickered sinisterly to himself.

"Don't forget what we've got planned tonight after dinner," Samantha now said, as she unbuttoned her jacket, undid her tie, unbuttoned her blouse, and slipped off her bra to show Daniel her big breasts.

"I'll just let the wife know that I'll be late," Daniel replied, leering over Samantha's breasts. The both of them began to laugh.

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----- Chapter 2:  
Boo, Hiss for Burbank!

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----- At Lawndale International Airport, Daria and Jane were preparing to get on board their flight to Los Angeles.

"I hope you produce a segment we can all be proud of, Daria," Helen said.

"I'm pretty sure we will, Mom," Daria replied.

Amanda Lane, Jane's mother, added, "We can't wait to see it on TV."

"I'm pretty sure you'll like it, Mom," Jane said.

Trent Lane, Jane's brother, frontman for the rock band Mystik Spiral and Daria's boyfriend, added, "Daria, maybe someday you and Janey can shoot a video for us."

"I'll keep it in mind, Trent," Daria said.

The PA announcer said that the flight to Los Angeles was boarding. Daria and Jane then said "Farewell," with Jake adding "Good luck!"

Little did they know how much luck they were going to need.

-----  
----- When the plane touched down at LA International Airport, and Daria and Jane got off the plane, they were taken by limousine to the studios of "Sick, Sad World". When they got there, they were taken right to Daniel Cobblepott's office.

"Hello, Ms. Morgendorffer, Ms. Lane," Daniel said. "Welcome to our studios. I'm so happy to meet you. Are you ready to make your segment?"

"We're as ready as we'll ever be, Mr. Cobblepott," Daria said.

"OK, then. Here's your assignment: You're going to do an expose on cartoon character Slappy Squirrel. I hear that there's a lot of dirt on her!"

Daria and Jane stood there speechless.

"What's the matter," Daniel then asked, "not too challenging enough?"

"Mr. Cobblepott," Daria said, "we were under the impression that we were going to pick the topic of our segment. We wanted to do an report on the Lawndale Taxpayers Association and how its actually a front for the Lawndale Militia and the Lawndale chapter of the Ku Klux Klan."

"Ladies, ladies, ladies," Daniel started, "if you clearly read the rules, it says that we get to choose the topic of the segment being produced by the contest winners. You did read the contest rules, didn't you?"

"They went by on the screen so fast that not even someone who took Evelyn Wood Speed Reading would have read them!," Jane shot back.

"Well," Daniel said, "ignorance of the rules is no excuse. We get to pick the subject, and that's that!"

"Maybe we should give the grand prize to our runner-up then, Brittany Taylor!"

"OK, OK, you win!," Daria grumbled.

"Good!," Daniel said, "I'm glad that we're in agreement then. Now, go out and cover Slappy Squirrel!"

Daniel pointed to the door. Daria and Jane trudged out of it. They

were beginning to realize that they had won the "booby prize" and not the grand prize in this contest.

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----- As they took a bus to Burbank, Daria and Jane began griping about how unfair the contest was.

"Jane," Daria began, "remember when Ms. Li made us enter that art contest, and we made that poster about eating disorders?"

"Yeah," Jane said, "then she and Mr. O'Neill tried to censor it. We wound up having to vandalize it."

Daria added, "Then Mom threatened to sue the school for violating our civil rights, and Brittany wound up winning the contest. I don't want to lose to Brittany again!"

"Well," Jane said, "we could ask Helen to sue the producers for misrepresentation."

"That could drag on for years," Daria said; "by the time they settle, we'll be on Social Security, it that's still around."

"In other words," Jane replied, "once again we've painted ourselves into a corner."

"I can't believe they want us to do an expose on a cartoon character!," Daria grumbled. "Why not President Clinton or Newt Gingrich?"

"Anybody can do an expose on those two," Jane pointed out.

"Point taken," admitted Daria.

Two Crips gang members were sitting in the seat behind them, and one of them said to Daria and Jane, "Will you two misery chicks keep it down?"

"What did you call us?," Daria said.

"I said you're misery chicks!," the Crip replied.

Daria calmly got up, grabbed the Crip by the collar of his denim jacket, and kicked him right in the testicles. The whole bus, which was cowering in fear of the two Crips, applauded.

"No one calls me a 'Misery Chick' and gets away with it!," Daria said. "Now maybe I'll give you a free demonstration of the Vulcan Grip!"

The Crip pulled the cord to signal the driver that he wanted to get off, grabbed his partner, and left the bus like the devil, going "AAAAAAAAAAAA!" all the time.

"Thanks a lot, ladies," the bus driver said; "those two have been causing trouble since they got on!"

"We're just doing our duty as duly deputized curmudgeons of society," Daria said, adding a grin to that.

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----- When they got off at Burbank, Daria and Jane made their way to the public park where Slappy lived in her hollowed-out tree.

"We have to interview her in this dump?," Daria said.

"Hey, look at the doormat she has," Jane said.

Daria noticed that the doormat said "GO AWAY!" instead of "WELCOME".

"I see that she's a woman after my own heart," Daria droned.

Slappy heard what was going on and took a peek outside. "Must be nosy people taking a survey!," she said, then added, "I'll fix them!" She took an anvil and went up the stairs. She opened a window and proceeded to drop the anvil, but not before Jane saw it first.

"LOOK OUT!," she said as she jerked Daria out of the way just in time to avoid being hit by the anvil.

"I guess she isn't too friendly," Daria finally said.

"Rats, that usually works on them," Slappy said; "I guess I'll have to use different tactics."

Daria knocked on the door. Slappy scurried downstairs and answered it.

"If you're trying to sell me cookies," Slappy said, "then you're the grungiest Girl Scouts I've ever seen!"

"We're not here to sell you cookies, Ma'am," Daria said; "we're here to do an interview with you."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?," Slappy replied. "I guess my adoring public can't get enough of me."

"Let me introduce ourselves," Daria answered; "I'm Daria Morgendorffer, and this is my friend Jane Lane. We're supposed to do an interview with you for 'Sick, Sad World'. It's our prize for winning their contest."

"Oy vey!," Slappy said, "you're with one of those tabloid shows, aren't you? Those shows drove me crazy once! Was in the funny farm for a long time."

"Take it from me, Ms. Squirrel," Jane said, "this wasn't our idea, either. We wanted to do something a bit more serious."

"Like if Mark McGwire spikes his oatmeal in the morning with steroids?," Slappy shot back.

"No," Daria replied; she then added sarcastically, "we were hoping to see if Tuxedo Mask from 'Sailor Moon' wears boxers or briefs."

"Take it from me, kiddo," Slappy said, "it's Jockey shorts."

"She's got you on that one, Daria," Jane said.

"You might as well come in," Slappy said; "it would be a big waste of time to come all the way here and not get an interview."

They now entered the tree. Slappy motioned to two chairs; Daria and Jane sat down.

"So, how do you want to conduct this interview?," Daria asked Slappy.

"Just fire away!," Slappy said. Jane thus started the videocamera and Daria picked up the set of prepared questions.

"OK," Daria said, "first, is it true that you once gave Pinky and the Brain the so-called 'football' the President has that has all the launch codes for our nuclear missiles, thus almost fulfilling their mad quest to take over the world?"

"Who wrote these questions, Geraldissimo Pope?," Slappy said.

"These were the questions that 'Sick, Sad World' prepared for us," Daria replied; "take it up with them."

"Do you think I would betray my country?," Slappy said; "after all, after Bugs Bunny, I worked the hardest at Warner Bros. convincing everyone to buy war bonds during World War II."

"Gee, then how come you weren't singing 'Any bonds today?' in the cartoons?," Daria asked.

"My efforts were more behind the scenes," Slappy said; "I was managing the effort in asking all employees and actors to have part of their paychecks withheld and used to buy bonds. You know that Federal tax withholding started during the war."

"Well," Daria said, "I know that now you can ask to have part of your pay withheld to be used to buy savings bonds."

"That's how it all started," Slappy said. "You know, they even had the kids doing it. You could buy these stamps and stick them in a book; when the book was full, you turned it in for some bonds. Why don't they do that with savings bonds? It would teach the kids to save their money, and it would be fun for them besides."

"You know," Jane said to Daria, "she's got a point there."

"She's definitely not the crank everyone's made her for," Daria added.

Skippy came home, with a "Hi, Aunt Slappy!"

"Hey, Skippy," Slappy asked, "how did the math test go?"

"I got an A+!," Skippy said in triumph.

"Good for you, Skippy!," Slappy said.

Meanwhile, Daria was going over the rest of the questions with Jane.

"Let's see," Daria began; "'Did you have an affair with Magilla Gorilla?'; 'Did you conspire with Dick Dastardly, Zorak, Brak and Lex Luthor to assassinate Ted Kennedy?'; 'Did you personally lead the hate mail campaign against Hank Aaron when he broke Babe Ruth's career home run record?' Jane, these questions are so off the wall!"

"You know," Jane said, "I think our faith in that show has just been shattered."

"I bet she doesn't have any skeletons in her closet," Daria said.

Slappy turned to Daria and Jane and asked, "Do you want to continue this interview, or will I have to hit you over the head with a mallet?"

"Ms. Squirrel," Daria now confessed, "all of these questions are so ridiculous. We used to be big fans of 'Sick, Sad World', but now we're beginning to doubt how good the show really is."

"Let me take a look at them," Slappy said. She scanned them, then tossed them over her shoulder and said, "HA! These tabloid shows will do anything to defame anyone. Like, I was there when Carol Burnett was allegedly 'drunk', and take it from me, she wasn't. I even testified to that when she sued the 'National Enquirer.'"

"Then you don't have any skeletons in your closet then," Daria said.

"Other than I was busted for running an illegal keno operation and for speeding, I don't," Slappy said.

"We were just doing this because of this contest we entered," Daria said. "You were supposed to send in a video depicting the sickest, saddest story you knew, and we won. In fact, we still have the video with us. Jane, could you get it for me?"

Jane produced the video, slipped into Slappy's VCR, and began playing it.

Slappy started seeing it and asked, "Who's the brown-haired girl there?"

"That's my airhead sister, Quinn," Daria said.

"Except that she keeps telling everyone else that she's her cousin," Jane added.

Slappy watched more of the video. She got a good laugh at the 'Pores Incident.'

"Man, your sister is so pathetic," Slappy said; "she wouldn't make a good villain even on my cartoons!"

"Well," Daria said, "she's living proof that the human body can function without a brain."



When the video ended, Slappy said to Daria, "You know, you remind me of an acid-tongued Velma Dinkley from 'Scooby-Doo.'"

"Well," Daria said, "she was kind of a role model for me when I was little."

"You're an OK kind of person there, Daria," Slappy said.

"And what about me?," Jane asked.

"OK, OK, you're all right, too," Slappy added.

Just then, Walter Wolf approached the tree again, this time in an M1 Abrams battle tank.

"HA HA HA HA HA!," Walter went, "this time, Slappy won't know what hit her!" He aimed the main gun at the tree.

Slappy, however, once again picked it up on her radar.

"Excuse me, ladies," Slappy said; "but that pesky Walter Wolf is trying to destroy me again!"

Once again, she grabbed her civil defense helmet, brought up her howitzer, and blasted Walter Wolf to smithereens.

"Oy vey!," Walter said, "not again!" He left, dragging what was left of the tank with him.

"Now that we've got that settled," Slappy said, "I think some revenge against 'Sick, Sad World' is in order here."

"You said it," replied Daria.

"And I know who can help us with this," Slappy said. "Come on, we're going to go to the Warner Bros. studio."

Daria and Jane decided not to question that decision; by now, it seemed that Slappy was saner than anyone else they met in this trip.

----- Chapter 3:  
She's the Crankiest Creature in the Whole Wide World. . .

----- When they  
arrived at the Warner Bros. Studios, Daria and Jane were pretty  
impressed.

"So this is where you work?," Daria asked Slappy.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Slappy said.

Suddenly, Yakko, Wakko and Dot Warner came running out of nowhere, with Ralph the security guard chasing them.

"Who are those guys?," Daria asked.

They suddenly stopped, and Yakko and Wakko said, "We're the Warner Brothers."

Dot added, "And the Warner Sister."

Yakko and Wakko then leapt up, Wakko into Daria's arms, Wakko into Jane's, and said "HELLO, NURSE!"

"I guess those two lowered their standards," Slappy said, "not that they had any to begin with!"

"Men, go figure them!," Dot added.

Ralph saw them and said, "C'mon, you guys! I don't get paid to stand and watch you two! I get paid to chase you guys around the lot!"

"Once more, my friends, into the breach!," Yakko said; he and Wakko got off Daria and Jane, and they and Dot ran off, with Ralph pursuing them.

"I don't even want to know that the Hell all that was about," Daria told Slappy.

"Well, let's find the person I want to talk to," Slappy said as they entered the gates.

-----  
----- When they got into the set for "Superman: The Series," Slappy asked around for Leslie Willis.

"She's over there, Ms. Squirrel," a stagehand said.

On their way there, they passed Dana Delaney done up as Lois Lane.

"And to think I liked her as that grungy Nurse McMurphy on 'China Beach,'" Jane said.

"I liked that one episode where she was drunk and was dancing to Vanilla Fudge's version of 'You Keep Me Hanging On,'" Daria replied.

"Hey, Slappy," Dana said, "who are those two?"

"Some friends I just met," Slappy said. "Ladies, this is Dana Delaney, who plays Lois Lane on 'Superman: The Series.'"

Daria and Jane said "Hi."

"Did you meet my friends Yakko, Wakko and Dot yet?," Dana asked.

"Yes, we did, unfortunately," Jane said.

"I like those kids," Dana said; "sometimes they mention me in the 'Animaniacs' theme song."

"We liked you on 'China Beach,'" Jane added.

"I can tell by those boots," Dana added with a telling laugh.

"Combat boots like these are hard to find," Daria said.

Leslie then strolled in; she was done up as Livewire. She was wearing a blue wig with a white streak down the middle, a black leather leotard and black hip-high boots; her body was all covered with white clown makeup. She had some strange electrodes attached to her fingers.

"Hey, Slappy!," Leslie said; "how's tricks?"

"Leslie," Slappy began, "we need your help. My friends here have been wronged by 'Sick, Sad World.'"

"Man, that show sucks ass!," Leslie said; "You know that they make up 99% of their stories?"

"And like you don't?," Daria shot back.

"I only make up 75% of mine, toots," Leslie said defensively.

"Well, anyway," Slappy said, "it all started when Daria and Jane here entered a contest. They thought they were going to do their own segment, but instead were ordered to interview me. Then they were going to ask all these ridiculous questions about me. These girls now realize that they bought a pig in a poke."

"Ms. Willis," Daria said, "Slappy was hoping that you'd help us get back at 'Sick, Sad World' for us."

"Man, I've been meaning to clean Daniel Cobblepott's clock for years," Leslie said; "he once told me that if I wanted favorable press on his show, I'd have to sleep with him! I don't lower my standards for anyone, toots!"

"Not that she had any to begin with," Daria said to Jane.

"I'd be more than willing to help you ladies," Leslie said; "first, I'm going to need to juice these electrodes up. We're going to need some serious firepower to handle sleezebags like Cobblepott."

"By the way, my mother remembers you from college," Daria said.

"Who's your mother?," Leslie asked.

"Helen Morgendorffer," Daria answered her.

"Oh, she did marry that Jake guy!," Leslie said in amazement; "you know, I once went out with your father; he was such a wuss."

"Time has not changed the validity of that statement, I'm afraid," Daria shot back.

"And your mother--well, let's just say that she was a bit loose when we were classmates."

"I've seen the secret photos of her skinny-dipping at the Delta Beta Sigma frat house pool during Homecoming Weekend, if that's what you meant," Daria said.

"Why don't you tell her about your sister Quinn being named Keg Queen when you visited there," Jane said.

"Later," Daria said, "right now, I want to nail Cobblepott's ass to the wall."

"So, what are we waiting for, toots?," Leslie said, "to the prop room!"

-----  
----- Back at the "Sick, Sad World" studios, Daniel and Samantha were beginning to lose patience with Daria and Jane.

"What the Hell is taking them so long?," Daniel yelled.

"You know," Samantha replied, "I'm beginning to think that they're trying to weasel out of their assignment."

"Well, if they do," Daniel said, "we'll do exposes on them! That will teach them to try to defy us!"

They both laughed sinisterly over that remark.

-----  
----- Back at the Warner Bros. studios, the studio propman was putting the finishing touches on the juiced-up electrodes on Leslie.

"I'd better warn you now," the propman said, "these electrodes have a pretty powerful kick to them now!"

"Let's just see about that!," Leslie replied.

"This should be interesting," Daria said to Jane.

Leslie stepped outside, where she just spotted Wile E. Coyote talking to Yakko, Wakko and Dot at the water tower.

"Just the perfect target!," she said. She aimed at Wile E Coyote's back and zapped him with 10,000 volts of electricity. Wile E. yelped and fell down.

"Are you all right, Wile E.?, " Yakko shouted down to him.

Wile E. slowly got up and muttered, "After years of falling off cliffs, I'm used to this."

"Perfecto!," Leslie said. "All right, let's get those 'Sick, Sad World' bastards!"

She, Daria, Jane, Slappy and Skippy left the studios.

-----  
----- A few minutes later, they were going down the street in Los Angeles. However, they weren't alone. It seemed that some undercover reporters from "Sick, Sad World" were tailing them.

"Uh, oh," Daria said, "I think they might be on to us!"

"Don't sweat it," Slappy said, "I've got them covered."

With that, she took out a remote control device, pressed a button on it, and a sixteen ton weight fell on the group of reporters.

"Man, I can't believe how low they're sinking to get the goods on me!," Slappy said.

Daria turned to Jane and said, "Of course, you realize this means war!"

Suddenly, Bugs Bunny showed up and stopped them.

"Hey, Doc!," Bugs said, "you stole my line!"

"Oh, yeah," Daria said, "Michael Jordan stole Porky Pig's 'That's all, folks!' line for his Nike commercials and gets away with it!"

Bugs went "OOOOOOOOO! Why I'll--"

Leslie put the pedal to the metal and drove off.

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----- Chapter 4:  
Livewire's Sick, Sad Revenge Scheme  
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----- Daria,  
Jane, Slappy, Skippy and Leslie arrived at the "Sick, Sad World"  
studios and entered Daniel's office. He and Samantha were in the  
office.

"Mr. Cobblepott, Ms. Toren," Daria said, "we want to talk to you about this stupid segment you assigned us!"

"OK, shoot!," Daniel said.

"We refuse to do it," Daria continued; "Slappy Squirrel hasn't done anything that scandalous. I'm beginning to think that you make up most of your stories."

"Of course, we do," Daniel said, "that's in the great tradition of tabloid journalism."

"If I were you, young ladies," Samantha added, "I'd finish the assignment."

"Not if I have something to say about it," Slappy spurted out. "I'm Slappy Squirrel, and this is my nephew Skippy. With us is my friend Leslie Willis."

"Oh, the Queen of All Media graces us with her royal presence, I see," Daniel sneered.

"Don't get any ideas with me, Cobblepott!," Leslie shot back; "I'm not sleeping with you, now or ever!"

"Then, I guess all of you are sticking to your guns, then," Daniel asked.

Daria replied with an unequivocal "Yes."

"Then," Daniel said, "Ms. Morgendorffer, Ms. Lane, I have the

unfortunate task of disqualifying you as the winners of our contest, and hereby name the second place winner, Brittany Taylor, as the new winner. And you can forget about us paying for you return flight back to Lawndale. You're also barred from entering any other contest we have for the next two years. Now, I want you and the rest of your friends of get the Hell out of my office, or I will call security!"

"Very well," Daria said, "have it your way; but you haven't heard the last of us!"

She and the others stormed out of the office.

"Well," Daniel said, "that's that."

"Shall I call Ms. Taylor and tell her that she's the new winner?," Samantha said.

"Yes," Daniel replied, "and, by the way, assign her the Leonardo DiCaprio story. That should be up her alley."

"We sure put those bitches in their place, didn't we?," Samantha said.

Daniel began to laugh, with Samantha joining him.

-----  
----- Meanwhile, outside, Leslie was planning the next move she and the others were going to make.

"We're going to go to Cobblepott's mansion and hang out there for a while," she said. "I know his routines. He usually tells his wife that he's going to the night club, but in reality goes to Toren's condominium to have a tryst."

"OOOOOOOOOO," Jane went, "I smell a scandal here!"

"You bet your life, toots," Leslie said; "we're going to hoist Cobblepott and Toren up on their own petards."

-----  
----- Later that evening, Daria, Jane, Slappy, Skippy and Leslie had driven to the Cobblepott mansion. The car was hidden in some bushes. Suddenly, Daniel's car--a vintage 1954 MG--was seen going down the street. Leslie and the others began to tail them at a discrete distance. The car went to the Brentwood section of Los Angeles, where Samantha had her condominium. Daniel got out and went inside.

"Well, here we are," Leslie said, "step right up and see the peep show!"

"Get the camera, Jane," Daria said.

"Man," Slappy said, "I haven't had this much fun since I got to see all of Tex Avery's censored material!"

They got to the window of Samantha's bedroom and hid in the bushes. Daria could then see Daniel and Samantha going inside.

"Get the camera rolling, Jane," Daria said.

Daniel and Samantha got undressed and climbed into bed. Soon they were having sex. Samantha was moaning so loud that they could hear it.

"Ten to one she's faking it," Daria sneered.

Jane got it all on tape.

"Do me, studmuffin," Samantha yelled. "YES! YES! YES!"

"OK, toots," Leslie said, "now it's time for the fireworks!"

Leslie suddenly crashed into the room and hurled a bolt of lightning at the bed. Daniel and Samantha leapt out of it.

"WHAT THE HELL--" Daniel and Samantha both yelled.

"If I were you," Slappy said to Daria and Jane, "I'd run for it and let us pros do the dirty work; we'll pick you up later!"

"Right," Daria said; she and Jane ran off.

Slappy and Skippy now entered the room.

"What is the meaning of all this!," Daniel screamed.

"Let's just say that you don't shit a shitter," Leslie said, then zapped Daniel right in the testicles, sending him screaming out of the room.

Samantha--despite being naked--tried to leap out of the room, but Slappy pressed her remote, causing an anvil to drop on Samantha.

"I guess we've wreaked enough havoc here!," Slappy said. They now left in a hurry.

-----  
----- The next day, the tape of Daniel and Samantha's sexual encounter was seen all over the media. Leslie was plugging it on her radio show; it was being downloaded on the Internet; all the tabloid shows except "Sick, Sad World" were showing it; it made the newspapers and magazines.

But the worst was yet to come. Daniel's wife had found out about the affair, left for the Dominican Republic and started divorce proceedings. Samantha fled to Mexico; she didn't want to take all of the heat of being the "other woman" in this mess.

Daria, Jane, Slappy, Skippy and Leslie were all in the KBRK studio having a celebration of sorts. They were having coffee and donuts when the producer of the show came in.

"Leslie," he said, "Daniel Cobblepott wants to speak to you and your friends."

"HMMM, I think we're about to see a grown man cry," Leslie sneered.

"I've seen my English teacher, Mr. O'Neill, cry," Daria said.

Daniel was brought in; he was still clad in the robe he hastily took with him when his wife chased him out of the mansion. He got on his knees and began to beg:

"Please! I'll do anything you want! Anything! Just leave me alone and get all this media attention off of me!"

"Don't like taking your own medicine?," Daria said.

"I'll give you and your friend \$100,000 just to get out of here!," Daniel said.

"Should we take it, Jane?," Daria said.

"Well," Jane said, "He did make us look like idiots! I think he should give us the whole company."

"NO!," Daniel said, "I'll be ruined!"

"OK, OK," Daria said, "I'm not usually this lenient, but in this case, I'll make an exception. We'll take the money."

Daniel then cut two checks for \$100,000 each to Daria and Jane. After sobbing "Thank you!," he left.

"Well, we certainly broke him!," Jane said.

"And that, my friends, is the sweet sounds of victory!," Daria added.

-----  
----- At LA  
International Airport, Daria and Jane were getting ready to take the flight back to Lawndale. Slappy, Skippy and Leslie were with them to see them off.

"Thanks for all your trouble," Daria said.

"Don't worry about it," Slappy said; "it was nothing."

"One of these days, you should visit us at Lawndale," Jane added.

"Perhaps we will," Slappy said.

"I've got to see your parents as well," Leslie said.

The PA announcer said that the flight to Lawndale was now boarding. Daria and Jane left with a big "Good-bye."

-----  
----- A few days  
later, Daria and Jane were watching "Sick, Sad World" at Daria's house. Brittany's segment was going to be shown.

"Let's see how much of a fool she makes of herself," Daria said.

"Are you sure?," Jane said; "you're still pretty sore about what they did to us!"



"Yes," Daria said, "but right now I need a cheap laugh."

Brittany's segment began rolling. She was seen going up to Leonardo DiCaprio and his entourage.

"Leonardo! Leonardo!," Brittany said, "This is Brittany Taylor from 'Sick, Sad World'! Can I ask you a few questions?"

Leonardo turned to a few members of his entourage and said, "Sic 'em!"

They ganged up on Brittany and beat her up to a bloody pulp.

"She got just what she deserved," Daria sneered.

"Amen to that," Jane wryly added.

-----  
----- The next day, at school, Quinn and the other members of the Fashion Club were going down the hall when they spotted Daria and Jane.

"Like, there's your loser cousin Daria and her geeky friend Jane," Sandi said.

"Just ignore them," Quinn said.

"I really hate to be like those two," Stacy added.

"Yeah," replied Tiffany.

"I think we should show those guys up," Daria said. She called a number on a nearby pay phone.

Sandi came up to Daria and said, "Like, what are you doing?"

"You'll find out in a minute," Daria said.

Suddenly, Slappy and Skippy appeared. They dropped sticks of dynamite down the pants of Quinn, Sandi, Stacy and Tiffany. They exploded, covering all of them with soot.

Anthony DeMartino, the social studies teacher, suddenly burst into the hallway.

"WHAT, may I ASK, is GOING on HERE?," he said, with his right eye bulging out.

Suddenly, an anvil fell on him.

Angela Li, the principal, then appeared.

"What's all this racket?," she demanded to know.

Suddenly, a steamroller appeared and flattened her out.

Walter Wolf then appeared. He was armed with a bazooka.

"Now, I've got you dead to rights this time, Slappy!," Walter said as he fired at her. Slappy calmly stepped aside while Skippy stretched a

rubber band across the hallway. The bazooka charge hit the rubber band, then shot back at Walter, blowing him up to bits.

Daria, Jane, Slappy and Skippy then gathered in the middle of the hallway, threw their arms around each other, and then said in unison, "Now, that's comedy!"

TH-TH-TH-TH-TH-TH-TH-TH-TH-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

----- THIS HAS  
BEEN AN EXCLUSIVE CREATION OF MARK ZERO FAN FICTION, UNLIMITED!

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----- CLANG!
CLANG! OUCH! I HIT MYSELF WITH THE *&$@!?!# HAMMER!
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End  
file.